

BELL
A True Comic

10¢

NO 212

DR. BOBBS

By Elliott and McArdle



THIS IS A
MING
FEATURES
COMIC



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

DOCTOR BOBBS

By Elliott and McArdle



A DEEP GLOOM
HANGES OVER THE
PALACE THAT IS THE
HOME OF ADAM
WORTHINGTON BROKE,
HOARDER
OF GOLD MINES,
LANDLORD
OF COUNTLESS ACRES
OF RICH OIL FIELDS.

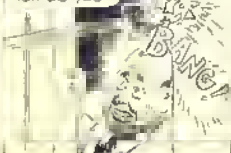
AS THE
FABULOUSLY
WEALTHY
WERKES
HOVERS
BETWEEN
THIS LIFE
AND THE
NEXT...

MY POOR
FATHER—
IS HE
WEAKER,
DOCTOR?

CONSIDERABLY—YOU
MAY SEE HIM FOR PRE-
CISELY THIRTY SECONDS.



IT IS I—JUNIOR,
FATHER....
HOW DO YOU—



PHIEW!—FATHER MAY
BE WEAKER, BUT IT
HASN'T IMPAIRED HIS
AIM IN THE SLIGHTEST.



YOU SAW YOUR
FATHER, JUNIOR?

HARDLY. THE DEAR OLD BOY
GREETED ME WITH A WELL-AIMED
FLOWER POT. HE SEEMED... ER
...REMARKABLY STRONG!

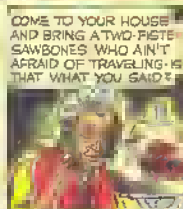
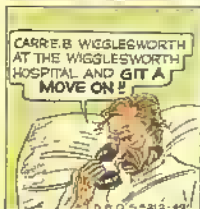
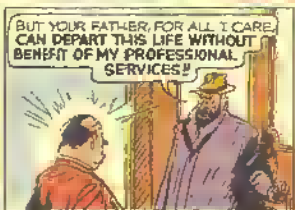
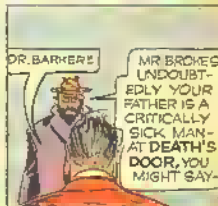
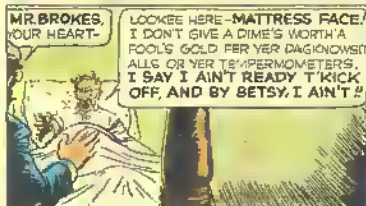
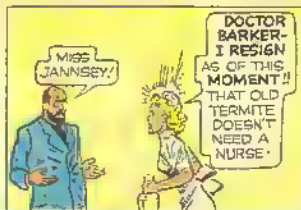


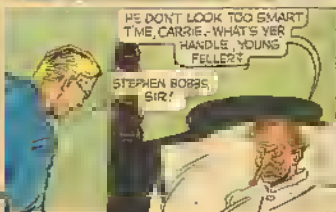
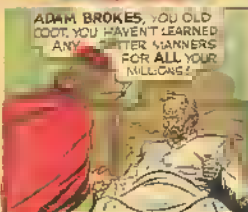
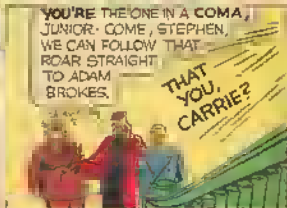
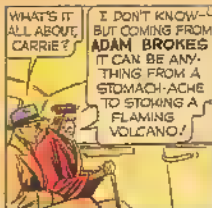
THEN HE WON'T... THAT IS
YOU THINK FATHA-H
WILL R-RECOVER?
(GRIFF) WONDERFUL!



LISTEN TO THEM VULTURES!
PRETENDING THEY AIN'T
JUST WAITING FOR THE OLD
MAN TO PASS OUT. LEAVING
NOTHING FOR THEM—
EXCEPT ABOUT A HUNDRED
MILLION
BUCKS!!







YOUNG SAWBONES.-THINK YA
KIN PUT UP WITH ME -NURSE ME,IF
NEED BE-LISTEN T'ME -AND GIT
READY FER A LONG TRIP -IN TWELVE
HOURS?

JUST A MINUTE,SIR.
DID YOU WANT A
PHYSICIAN -OR A
NURSEMAID?

CARRIE! I ASKED FER A
FELLER WITH GUTS -NOT
CHEEK! YOU YOUNG WHIPPER-
SNAPPER!!

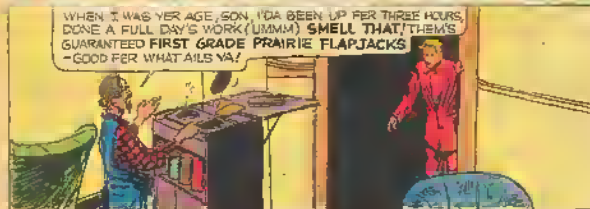
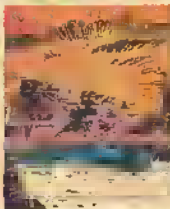
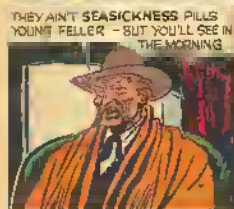
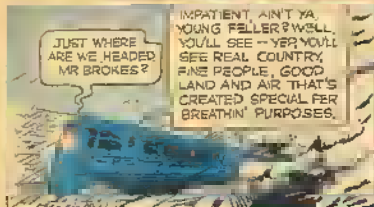
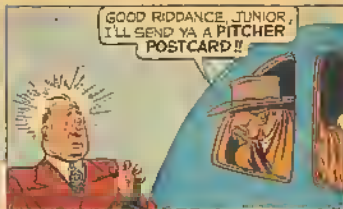
GIVE ME A CIVIL ANSWER,
YOUNG MAN, D'YA WANTA JOB -
KEEPIN' THIS OLD HULL OF MINE
TOGETHER FER A COUPLE OF MONTHS,
SO'S I KIN PASS ON IN PEACE??

BFF--/DEAR ME, I THINK I'M
GOING TO FAINT. FATHAN'S ASKING
THAT BDBRS PERSON IF HE WANTS
A JOB -KEEPING HIM ALIVE!!

ALIVE !!
THAT'S HARDLY
CRICKET!!

REMEMBER, MR BROKES.
I'M TAKING THIS JOB ONLY ON
CONDITION THAT YOU FOLLOW
MY ORDERS

WELL,WE'RE GOING SOUTH
TO A WARMER CLIMATE- AINT
THAT WHAT YOU ORDERED?



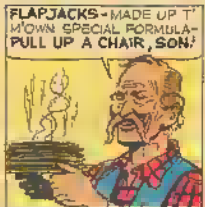


LOOK HERE, MR BROKES,
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE
A SICK MAN!

YEP- I WAS -AND ALL
THE TIME THE CURE FER
WHAT AILED ME WAS AS
SIMPLE AS ROLLIN' OFF
A LOG!



DON'T NEED NO MEDICINE
• BEST MEDICINE IN THE
WORLD FER
ME IS •



FLAPJACKS- MADE UP T'
M'OWN SPECIAL FORMULA-
PULL UP A CHAIR, SON!



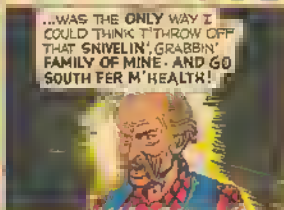
I DONT WANT TO SEEM
THE PRYING TYPE, MR.
BROKES, BUT WHEN I WAS
CALLED IN TO MINISTER
TO AN AILING OLD MAN-



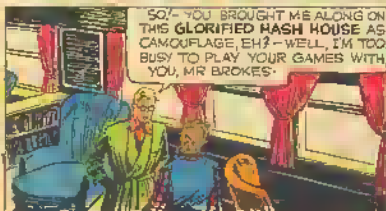
I HADN'T ANY IDEA
THAT SAID OLD MAN
WAS PLAYING AT
BEING SICK!



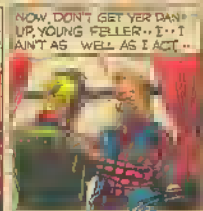
DIDN'T FOOL YA FER
MORE'N A MINNIT, DID I,
ME BUCKO? -WELL, PRE-
TENDIN' T'BE AILIN',...



...WAS THE ONLY WAY I
COULD THINK T' THROW OFF
THAT SNIVELIN', GRABBIN'
FAMILY OF MINE - AND GO
SOUTH FER M'HEALTH!



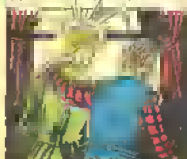
SO?- YOU BROUGHT ME ALONG ON
THIS GLORIFIED MASH HOUSE AS
CAMOUFLAGE, EH? -WELL, I'M TOO
BUSY TO PLAY YOUR GAMES WITH
YOU, MR BROKES-



NOW, DON'T GET YER DAN
UP, YOUNG FELLER.. I.. I
AIN'T AS WELL AS I ACT..



THAT'S THE SPIRIT! I
KNEW YA WOULDN'T NOW
CLIMB INTO YER CLOTHES

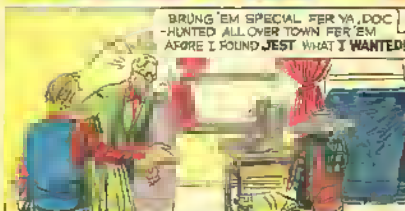


THESE-- I BRUNG 'EM
SPECIAL FER YA!



F-FOR ME!!!

YEP--
INTERESTIN',
AIN'T THEY?



SON, GOOD HARD-WORKING
CLOTHES NEVER HURT NO ONE--
-COURSE, PUT 'EM ON!



MR. BROKES, AS YOUR
DOCTOR, I ORDER YOU
TO SIT DOWN AND--



FIGGER I'M AS NUTTY AS
A FRUITCAKE, HUH, DOC?
WELL, I AIN'T!



NOPE, I AIN'T NO SPRING CHICKEN, BUT I GOT M' TEETH, AND I GOT M' GOOD SENSE!



SON J'EVER HEAR TELL OF JACKTOWN??



EVER HEAR OF JACKTOWN, DOC?



OF COURSE, WHO HASN'T HEARD OF THE TOWN THAT'S BEEN BUILT UP AND BY CARLOADS OF MONEY?



MILLIONS!

SENT MYSTERIOUSLY BY A STRANGE CHARACTER WHOM NOBODY KNOWS OR HAS EVER SEEN!



THAT'S RIGHT!

A CRAZY SORT OF OLD COOT WHO..... WAIT A MINUTE! YOU'RE NOT-

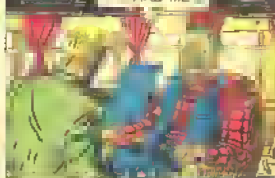


THAT I AM, SON ... THAT I AM !!!

YOU MEAN, YOU'RE THE MYSTERIOUS "CACTUS JACK", THE MAN NOBODY KNOWS?



NO ONE - 'CEPT YOU AND ME !!!



WE GET TO JACKTOWN IN THE MORNING - THAT'S THE FORMER GHOST TOWN THAT WAS BUILT UP INTO A THRIVING COMMUNITY BY A MYSTERIOUS CHARACTER CALLED "CACTUS JACK!"

I REMEMBER - HE SENDS THEM MONTHLY CHECKS FOR PARKS, SCHOOLS, PLAY-GROUNDS AND THE LIKE AND NO ONE KNOWS WHO HE IS!!



UP IN THE GENERAL PASSENGER COACH AHEAD!

BUT WHERE DO I FIT INTO THE PICTURE OF "CACTUS JACK" AND JACKTOWN?



PULL UP TO A MESS
O'JACKS, SON, AND I'LL
TELL YA A STORY NO LIVIN'
MAN HAS HEERED
BEFORE!



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IT WAS THAT I COME TO THIS HERE
LITTLE DUST SPOT. MORE DEAD THAN ALIVE, AFTER THREE
MONTHS PROSPECTIN' FER GOLD--



WHEN I SMELL EM' FLAPJACKS,
I'M FRESH O'UPA SUPPLIES AND
HALF-GORGED WHEN I STOPS BY
WINDER. PERAUME
IN A GIRLLES.



"AND SHE COMES TO THE
WINDER..."

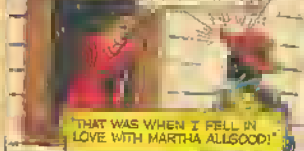


AND WHAT ARE
YOU DOIN' THERE,
MR. MAN?

SNIFFIN' MA'AM....
JEST SNIFFIN'!



WE'LL STOP SNIFFIN' AND COME
INSIDE--GOT MORE BATTER
THAN WE NEED!



"THAT WAS WHEN I FELL IN
LOVE WITH MARTHA ALLGOOD!"

'T WAS TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS AGO I MET
MARTHA ALLGOOD, SON.

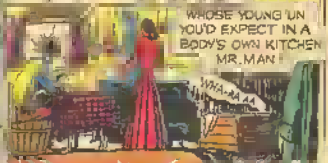


MARTHA'S FLAPJACKS WAS
MADE FROM A SECRET FOR-
MULA SHE THINKS UP
HERSELF. THESE TASTE
LIKE THEY SMELL MA'AM...
LIKE HEAVEN!!



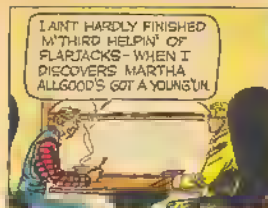
"BUT A MORSEL
STICKS RIGHT IN
M' MOUTH
WHEN I HEARS
THE WAIL
OF A
BABY."

"K-K-KIN THAT BE THE VOICE OF A CHILD I
HEAR, MA'AM... YOUR YOUNG 'UN?"



WHOSE YOUNG 'UN
YOU'D EXPECT IN A
BODY'S OWN KITCHEN
MR. MAN!

WHA-RA AA



I AINT HARDLY FINISHED
M'THIRD HELPIN' OF
FLAPJACKS- WHEN I
DISCOVERS MARTHA
ALLGOOD'S GOT A YOUNG'UN.



YOU COULDA HEARD M'HEART,
CRACK ALL TH' WAY TO CARSON CITY

CECILIA IS TOO LONG A NAME
FOR SUCH A LITTLE ONE, SO
I CALL HER "CISSIE"!

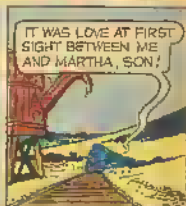


BUT M'APPETITE COMES RUSHIN'
IN' BACK TIVE WHEN SHE SAYS!

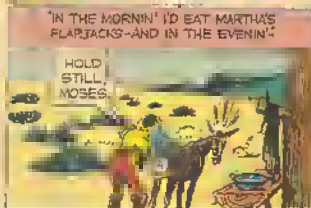
CISSIE'S HALF AN ORPHAN
... HER PAW PASSED
AWAY FOUR MONTHS AGO.



THE WONDERFUL CREA-
TURE'S A **WIDDER** WOMAN
... NO DOUBT CRAVIN' THE
STRONG PERFECTIN' ARMS
OF A HANDSOME MAN!

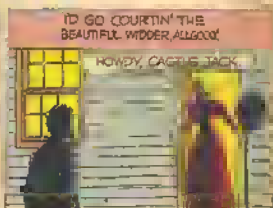


IT WAS LOVE AT FIRST
SIGHT BETWEEN ME
AND MARTHA, SON!



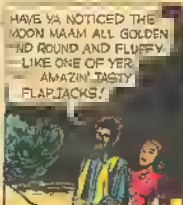
"IN THE MORNIN' I'D EAT MARTHA'S
FLAPJACKS--AND IN THE EVENIN'!"

HOLD
STILL,
MOSES.

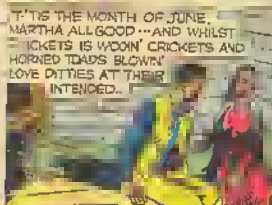


I'D GO COURTIN' THE
BEAUTIFUL WIDDER, ALLGOOD!

HOWDY, CACTUS JACK.



HAVE YA NOTICED THE
MOON MAAM ALL GOLDEN
ND ROUND AND FLUFFY
- LIKE ONE OF YER
- AMAZIN' TASTY
FLAPJACKS!



T'TIS THE MONTH OF JUNE,
MARTHA ALLGOOD ...AND WHILST
- TICKETS IS WDOIN' CRICKETS AND
- HORNED TOADS BLOWIN'
LOVE DITTIES AT THEIR
INTENDED...



STOP
WHERE YOU AR
CACTUS JACK.

IT WAS
LITTLE
CISSIE
SELLERIN

WHEN A GROWN MAN BEGINS SPOUTIN'
ABOUT CRICKETS AND HORNED TOADS -
HE'S AIMIN' T'PROPOSE - BUT, LISTEN TO
THAT SOUND, JACK!

WAAA...AA

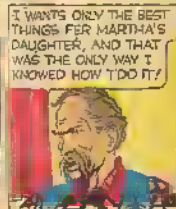
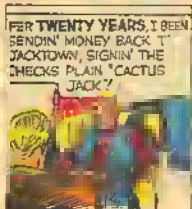
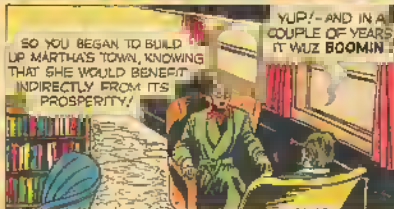
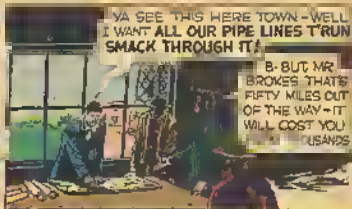
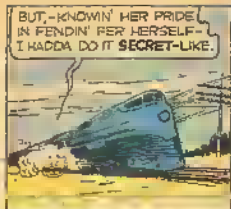
YOU'RE A FINE MAN, JACK!
BUT I PROMISED MYSELF T'LIVE
ONLY FER CISSIE - T'GIVE ALL MY
LOVE AND STRENGTH T'HER.....

I ONLY GOT ROOM FOR CISSIE NOW, JACK, AND
THAT'S THE WAY IT'S GOTTA BE TILL SHE'S A FINE,
GROWN, EDUCATED LADY - I'M REAL SORRY, IF
I HURT YA, JACK!

-AND SHE
MEANT IT!-

WHEN MARTHA ALLGOOD REFUSED
M'PERFECTION, SAYIN' SHE WANTS
T'DEVOTE HER LIFE T'HER DAUGHT-
TER, CISSIE, I UPS AND LEAVES
THAT TOWN!

WHEN I STRIKES IT
RICH IN OIL, I DECIDED
T'SHOW M'LOVE FER
MARTHA BY HELPIN'
HER -





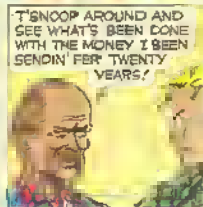
NARY A SOUL- IT MIGHTA GOT BACK T'MARTHA AND SPOILED EVERYTHING!



WELL, SON, I'M AN OLD MAN - AND NOT TOO SPRY NO MORE.

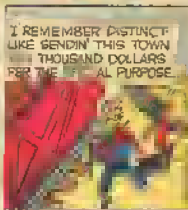
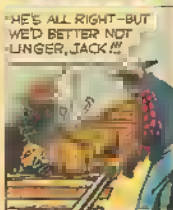
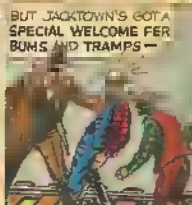
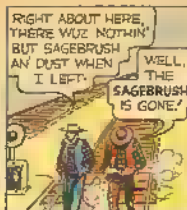


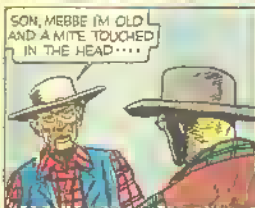
OH, I SUPPOSE SO. NOW HELP ME FIGURE OUT THIS DISGUISE!

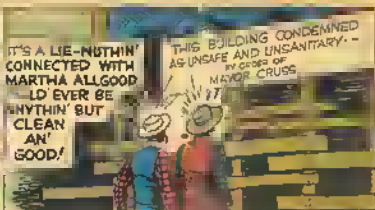


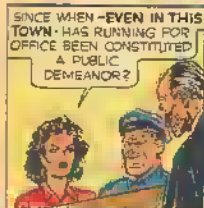
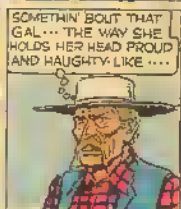
EASY DOES IT!!

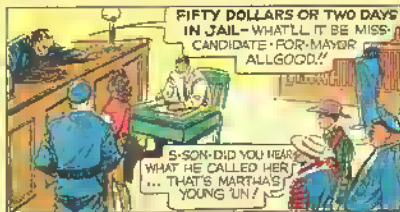


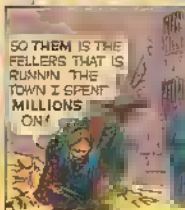
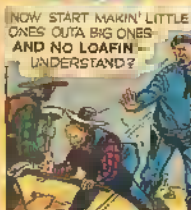


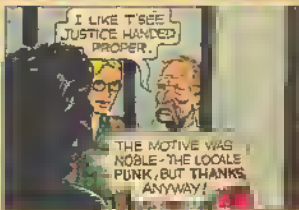
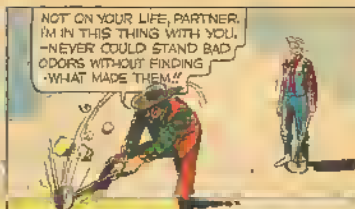


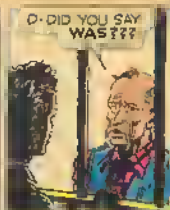
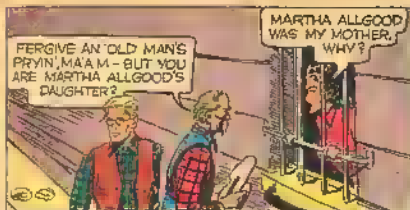


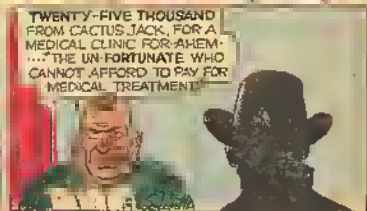
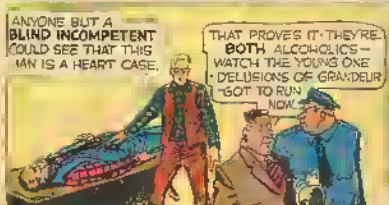


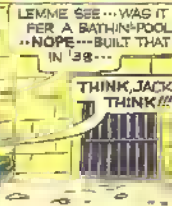
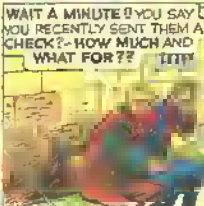
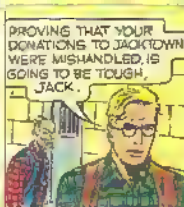
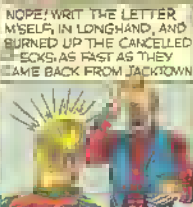
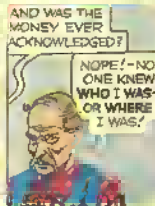
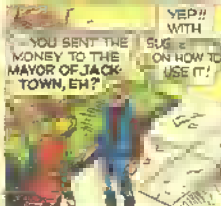
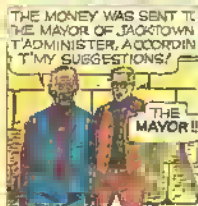


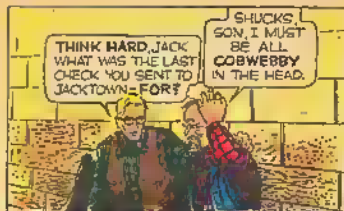






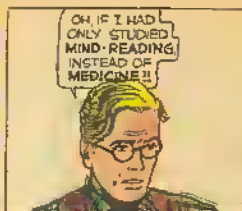




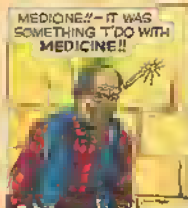


THINK HARD, JACK
WHAT WAS THE LAST
CHECK YOU SENT TO
JACKTOWN-FOR?

SHUCKS,
SON, I MUST
BE ALL
COBWEBBY
IN THE HEAD.



OH, IF I HAD
ONLY STUDIED
MIND-READING
INSTEAD OF
MEDICINE!!



MEDICINE!!- IT WAS
SOMETHING T'DO WITH
MEDICINE!!



I GOT IT!-
IT WAS \$25,000
FER TREATIN'
FOLKS WHO
COULDN'T
AFFORD
T'PAY NO
DOCTOR
BILLS.

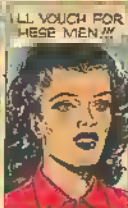
HOO-RAY!



C'MON, YOU TWO!-
JUDGE WANTS
T'SEE YA!



SEEMING THAT YOU TWO TRAMPS
HAVE NO MEANS OF SUPPORT
AND NO ONE TO VOUCH FOR YOU



LL VOUCH FOR
HESE MEN!!!



YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE PROMISED
T'GIVE US JOBS,
MA'AM-

DON'T
WORRY-
I'VE GOT
JOBS FOR
YOU!



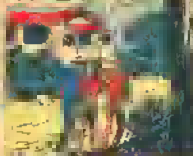
WELL, MAAM NOW THA
YOU HAVE A COUPLE OF
BROKEN-DOWN HOBOS ON
YER HANDS AREN'T YOL
JUST THE LEAST WORRIED

I DON'T CARE WHAT
YOU'VE DONE BEFORE
YOU BECAME MY CHARGES
BUT NO MAN WITH A
DECENT AMOUNT OF
SPIRIT



AND A JUGFUL OF
HONESTY IS COM-
PLETELY USELESS-

AND, BELIEVE ME, THIS TOWN CAN USE A WHOLE OF A LOT OF BOTH.



WELL, THAT WAS THE LAST OF THE BATTER. YOU'VE EATEN LIKE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN OR TASTED FOOD IN DAYS."



MA'AM, FLAPJACKS LIKE THAT IS MEANT ONLY FER THE DESERVIN' AND THIS POOR SINNER AIN'T BEEN TRULY DESERVIN' FER TWENTY YEARS.



HURRY AND FINISH, BOYS, WERE GOING "POLITICKING" TONIGHT!!



MAYOR CROSS CALLED A MEETING OF THE JACK-TOWN CITIZENS TONIGHT.



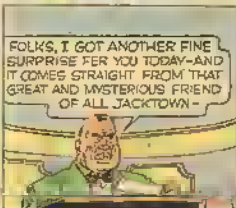
TO ANNOUNCE "ANOTHER GREAT CONTRIBUTION BY THAT GREAT PHILANTHROPIST, "CACTUS JACK" - THE HUMBUS!!!



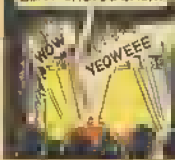
GOOD EVENING, MY GOOD FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS!!



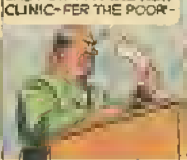
FOLKS, I GOT ANOTHER FINE SURPRISE FER YOU TODAY-AND IT COMES STRAIGHT FROM THAT GREAT AND MYSTERIOUS FRIEND OF ALL JACKTOWN -



THAT GENEROUS, OPEN-HANDED GENT-CACTUS JACK!

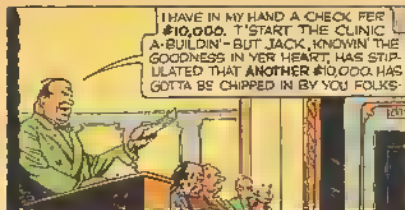


IN THIS HERE LETTER I GOT TODAY, HE'S GIVN TO JACKTOWN A FINE NEW CLINIC-FER THE POOR-

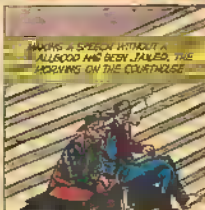
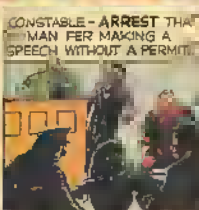
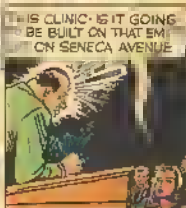
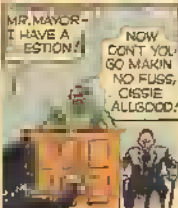
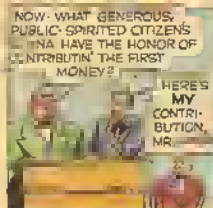


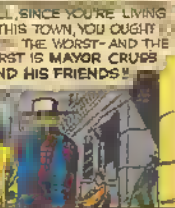
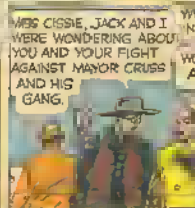
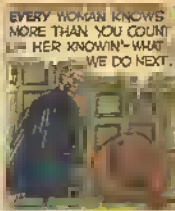
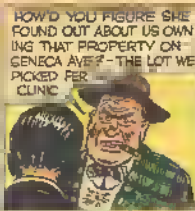
NOW, LISTEN - HERE COMES THE CATCH!

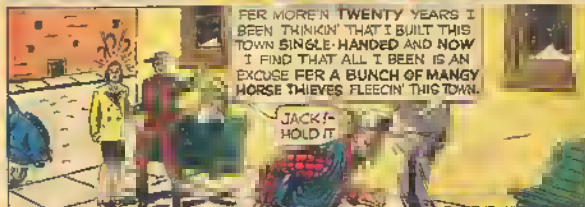
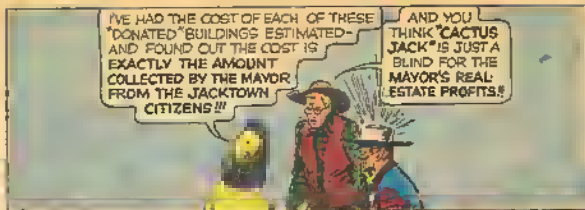




THAT AINT SO, I SENT EM A CHECK FER \$25,000 TO BUILD THE CLINIC - FREE AND CLEAR!







WHAT SEEMED T'UPSET
THAT TELEGRAPH FELLER,
COME T' THINK OF IT, WAS
MY SENDIN' IT COLLECT!



CISSIE SAID WE
WERE TO WAIT
AND SHE LOOKED
KINDA MAD!



SHH—
HERE SHE
COMES!

JACK, STEVE, WE'RE
GETTING DOWN TO
BUSINESS—WE'RE
GOING TO DECLARE
WAR ON MAYOR
CRUSS!



I'M RUNNING FOR MAYOR OF
THIS TOWN IN EARNEST—
BECAUSE I THINK I CAN
REALLY WIN!

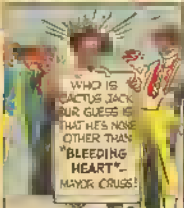


YOU KIN,
CISSIE,
YOU
REALLY
KIN?

BEFORE YOU TWO
WANDERED INTO MY
LIFE, I WASN'T SURE...
IT'S DIFFERENT NOW!



WE'LL KEEP PUNCHING
AWAY AT THE MAYOR AND
HIS PHONY "CACTUS JACK"



WHO IS
CACTUS JACK?
OUR GUESS IS
THAT HE'S NONE
OTHER THAN
"BLEEDING
HEART"—
MAYOR CRUSS!

—AND I SAY THERE IS NO CACTUS JACK OTHER THAN
MAYOR CRUSS, HIMSELF! —I SAY THAT THE FICTITIOUS
CHARACTER OF CACTUS JACK WAS CREATED BY MAYOR
CRUSS, AS A SCHEME TO FLEECE YOU CITIZENS OUT OF
CONTRIBUTIONS.

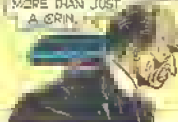


THE CROWDS AT CISSIE ALLGOOD'S
MEETINGS SEEM TO BE GETTING
BIGGER AND MORE ENTHUSIASTIC
MAYOR!



IT'S GETTIN' PAST
THE JOKIN' STAGE, JUDGE.
WE CAN'T KEEP TOSSIN'
HER INTA JAIL ON
FLIMSY CHARGES—
PEOPLE'LL BEGIN
T' WONDER!!

UP TO NOW THEM FOLKS THAT
DON'T THINK CISSIE WAS JUST
A SPIRITED GIRL, ARE BEGIN-
NING TO LISTEN TO HER
CHARGES AGAINST YOU WITH
MORE THAN JUST
A GRIN.



YEH! CISSIE ALLGOODS
TAKEN OFF HER GLOVES -
AND AIN'T SHE GONNA BE
SURPRISED T'FIND OUT HOW
DIRTY HER HANDS IS
GONNA GET! - TSK, TSK!



UMM-M. MISS CISSIE -
YER BEIN' PRETTY
SERIOUS ABOUT THIS
LOKIN' MAYOR CRUSS.
AIN'CHA?

HAVE YOUNG JIM DO THE
ARTWORK AND PRINT 500
OF THEM IN A HURRY!



OUCH!

SHHH-



MAYOR CRUSS OF JACKTOWN ARRIVES
AT HIS OFFICE, THE PICTURE
OF DIGNITY AND COMPOSURE.

ULG!
WHA!
LUHG.

YOU-YOU MARBLE-HEADED
SPINDLY-LEGGED NIN-
COMPOO! ALLOWIN' THEM
POSTERS T'BE PLASTERED ALL
O'er TOWN - TEAR EM!



YEAH! I'VE SEEN 'EM. -
E OVER HERE QUICK.
JUDGE. WE'RE PUTTIN' A
FINISH TALL THESE
SHENANIGANS!

WELL, MISS CIESIE,
THOSE POSTERS SURE
STIRRED UP A HORNETS'
NEST!

SPEAKING OF HORNETS -
I'M ALL AQUIVER, WONDERING
WHAT MAYOR CRUSS'S ANSWER
TO THIS WILL BE!



